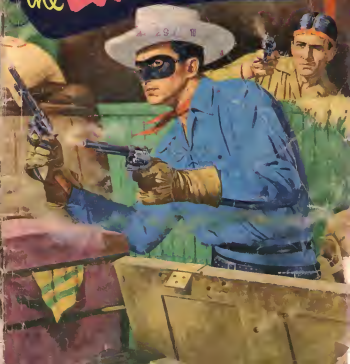


DELL

maurice

10¢

# the Lone Ranger



# THE INDIAN HORSE



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MORRIS PATENTING & LITHO. CO.

The American Indians, lovers of brilliant color and decoration, long ago chose two of our more colorful horses, the Pinto and Appaloosa, as their own.

The Appaloosa is the beautiful horse with peculiar leopard-like spots, usually confined to the rump, which give the appearance of having been daubed by an artist's brush. The Nez Percé Indians regarded these strange horses as animals inspired by the Great Spirit, and headed hundreds of them into the Palouse country where they could roam and multiply in the lush meadows.

As the Appaloosas increased, no two of their striking coats were marked alike, and each band had its soft bay shades, chestnuts, duns, and blacks. In time, the horse became known as "Palouse" Indian horse, or simply "a Palouse." This was soon contracted to "Appaloosa," and is now called "Appaloosa."

Besides having unusual beauty, the Appaloosa has the reputation of being a fine trail horse, and "tougher than a Missouri mule."

The Pinto, with its striking two-tone coat, gained a much wider popularity among the American Indians than did the Appaloosa. This is probably because he was more common throughout the west and, therefore, more easily obtained. Most western cattlemen had no use for the "Paint Horse." So like the Appaloosa, the Pinto was closely associated with the Indian, and also came to be known as the "Indian Horse."



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# The LONE RANGER

## THE TRAIN FROM INDEPENDENCE

INDIAN TRIBE  
GO NOW TO NEW  
CONSERVATION!

IT'S A WISE MOVE TOMO! THEIR  
NEW LANDS ARE BETTER FOR  
GRAZING AND THE RAILROAD  
PEOPLE, WHO ARE BUYING THEIR  
OLD LANDS ARE PAYING CHIEF BIG  
MONEY DAILY!



THAT BE GOOD! BIG  
MONEY WANT PEACE! IF  
NEW HORSE PEOPLE BUY  
HIM WELL, HE KEEP THEM  
FROM WARPATH!

THE ARMY IS  
CONQUERING THE  
MOVE, THERE  
WONT BE ANY  
TROUBLE OVER  
THE PAYMENT.



**BUT LATER...**

WHAT DID YOU  
LEARN, FANNIE  
JOE?

TRIBE IN CAMP NOW! ARMY  
FELLER HOLD TOWHOWN WITH  
BIG MONEY AND ARE SEND  
RIDER BACK TO FORT KOON TO  
TELL HOW RAILROAD MEN  
SEND MONEY!



NEAR TIME  
BALDY! MY  
MUNCH MAN  
RIGHT!

CROW! THERE'S THE DUNNICH  
RIDER NOW! IF WE'RE GOIN' TO  
FIND OUT WHEN AND HOW THAT  
MONEY'S BEEN SHIPPED, LET'S  
GIT AFTER HIM PRESENT!



**REIN IN, SOLDIER!**







THEY MEET IN A HIDE-OUT TONIGHT...

THAT WAGON TEAM FROM INDEPENDENCE IS GOIN' TO BE LOADED WITH MONEY, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO LOOT IT—USE THE INDIANS TO KILL THE COWBOY PROTECT!

BUT AIF MOOSE HAD PEACE WITH WHITE MEN!



PRAYED JOE, YOU'RE GOIN' TO STIR UP THE TRIBES! TELL 'EM THE WHITE'S UDD! NO MONEY'S COMIN' FROM INDEPENDENCE—JUST GUNS AND SOLDIERS TO DRIVE 'EM OFF THEIR NEW LANDS! THEY'VE GOTTA STRIKE FIRST!

IF THEY ATTACK THE WAGON TEAM, NOW'LL WE SALVAGE THE LOOT!



I'VE GOT A RIL IN INDEPENDENCE! WE'LL RIDE ALONG WITH THE TEAM AND WE'LL SWAY WHERE THE MONEY IS!

THEN WE GOTTA MAKE SURE AIF MOOSE ONLY LETS ONE MAN ESCAPE—YOUR RIL WITH OUR MONEY!



TWO MONTHS LATER...

SOUND COME FROM NEW RESERVATION! THAT AIF... DRUMS SOUND WAR DANCE!

BUT THE TRIBES IS AT PEACE NOW! THEY MADE THE MOVE OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL!



BOOM!  
BOOM!  
BOOM!

THERE ISNO GUNNY! THEY HEAR WAR PAINT! DANCE MEAN THEY ATTACK SOON!

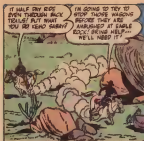
TOMED THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF INDIANS DOWN THERE! YOU JOIN THE DANCERS! FIND OUT WHY THEY'RE ON THE WARPATH AND WHAT THEY INTEND TO ATTACK!















CHARGE! AFTER CHARGE IS MET BY A HAIL OF LEAD AS THE ATTACKING INDIANS FALL FROM THEIR HORSES UNDER THE RIFLE'S WITHERING FIRE—



AND FROM BEHIND A HILL—

IT'S NO USE! WHEN THE ARROW TOWN DOESN'T FALL INTO BROTHER HANDS IN THE MORNING, THEY'LL SEND HELP OUT TO LOOK FOR IT!

INDIANS MUST FIND WAY TO BREAK STOCK-PILE DOWN! WEAPON! BURNING ARROWS!



I GOT A BETTER IDEA! WE'LL WORK OUR WAY DOWN TO THE FOOT, PRETENDING WE'RE CHARGED! THEY'LL TAKE US IN! WE'LL FIND MY PA, LOOTS THE MONEY AND OBJECT THINGS FROM THE INSIDE! THEN I WANT HIS HORSE TO FIRE FLAMING ARROWS!



WE TELL HIM!

WHEN THE FIRE ARROWS START FLAMING, WE'LL START A FIRE IN THE STOCKPILE AND ESCAPE WITH THE LOOT! BUT DON'T TELL HIS HORSE THAT PART OF THE PLAN!



LATER—

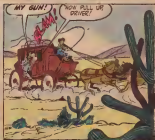
CAPTAIN! THE RESERVES ARE CHARGING THREE SIDES!

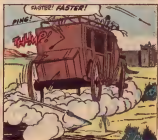
FIRE AT THE PURSUERS! IF THOSE POOR DEVILS REACH THE STOCKPILE—OPEN THE GATE!





















# RED CLOUD'S VICTORY

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDING AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT THE WETTERMAN MASSACRE, RED CLOUD AND THE GREAT BISON WAR CHIEF GATHERED MORE INDIANS TO DRIVE OUT THE WHITE MAN FOREVER.

BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM, THE AMERICAN ARMY BROUGHT IN 100 NEW ARMY-LOADING SPRING-FIELD RIFLES. BECAUSE THESE RIFLES WERE SINGLE SHOT GUNS, THE SOLDIERS DID NOT HAVE TO USE A BARREL, A PITCH AND A POWDER CARTRIDGE SEPARATE FROM THE BALL.

—JAMES W. WELLS



IN JAN, RED CLOUD WAS READY HE WANTED TO ATTACK FORT PHIL, BECAUSE WHERE HE HAD TAKEN VICTORY BEFORE, BUT THE OTHER CHIEF'S PREFERRED TO ATTACK ANOTHER FORT.



TWO ATTACKS WERE REJECTED, WHEN RED CLOUD ATTACKED A GROUP OF SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THE FORT WHO WERE CUTTING WOOD.



THE OTHER BAND OF HORSE CAUGHT NINETEEN SOLDIERS WHILE THEY WERE CUTTING WOOD.



THE FEW SOLDIERS FIGHT SO WELL WITH THEIR NEW RIFLES THAT THEY KILLED OVER A HUNDRED OF ALLIED INDIANS.



# THE LONG BOW

Continued from p. 10  
WESTERN FRONTIER, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

Hyoko the Cripple glanced sharply across the cave room at his 15-year-old son. Hyoko's withered legs ached from sitting at his loom where he wove cotton cloth to trade for food. The boy should be helping him—or else out hunting for meat! Instead, he was making another foolish toy, an arrow that was too long for any bow to shoot properly!

"Tyr!" he exclaimed, with a touch of anger. "Come take my place here at the loom! Or else take your bow and hunt some game for our supper! You are nearly a grown man. . . . You should be helping to support your parents, instead of making toys, like a child!"

Hyoko's voice was raised loudly enough to be heard in all the nearby cliff dwellings of the canyon community. A flush of deep embarrassment stained Tyr's cheeks as he rose to his feet. If only Muryo the Laughing Maiden hadn't heard! But, of course, she had!

Tyr hurried down the ladder to the ledge below his home. The long, blunt arrow was still in his hand. It was no toy—but he couldn't explain THAT to his father! Not yet! Not until he had learned to bend the great bow that matched it. . . .

From a dry, safe crevice in the rock, out of sight of the village, he lifted his secret weapon. It was nearly six feet long, and much heavier than any bow he had ever seen. It was his own manufacture. As he caressed the smooth length of it, his mind went back to the day, seven years ago, when his father was injured. The scene lived again.

It was a day of terror. Wild Navajos, with stronger bows and heavier arrows than the Chaco cliff dwellers possessed, had swept into the canyon, just after the corn harvest. They had come to loot and kill. Three of them were climbing a ladder to Tyr's home cave, their bows slung on their backs, their war clubs red with blood, their teeth showing in fierce,



exultant grins. And Tyr's father lay helpless, paralyzed by an arrow in his spine.

In memory, Tyr saw himself pick up his father's bow and fit an arrow to the string. In memory, he felt his muscles straining to bend the man-sized weapon—felt the hard string cut his finger! Then something yielded! The bow was drawn—the arrow loosed! It pierced the topmost enemy on the ladder, and he fell! His fall carried the others with him. And no more Navajos came to take their place. . . .

In the years that followed, that memory never dimmed. And out of it grew a Great Idea—if a small boy could find the trick of bending a man's bow, then a boy grown to manhood could learn to bend a bow that would shoot twice as far, twice as hard!

Aiming at a white stone two hundred yards away he loosed

The blunt arrow whistled with terrific speed. It struck, and shattered to pieces on the mark.

That night Tyu brought back two wild geese to his astonished parents. But the great bow and its long arrows he had left hidden in the crevice of the rock. Not until he could draw its bowstring all the way, would he show his secret weapon to family or friends.

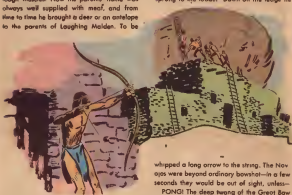
In the year that followed, Tyu's shoulders filled out. From constant practice with the great bow, they came to bulge with steel-tough muscles. Now his parents' home was always well supplied with meat, and from time to time he brought a deer or an antelope to the parents of Laughing Maiden. To be

a whooping, deadly, irresistible mob, his time—but stealthily just before dawn. The first that Tyu knew of it was the wail of bitter grief and rage that arose from the cave home of Laughing Maiden.

"She is gone! She is gone!" cried the girl's stricken mother, recovering from a stunning blow. "And they have killed Badokoi, my man!"

"Ai-see! There they go!" another voice rang out. "They climb the cliff with Laughing Maiden their captive!"

Ripping the cover from his long bow, Tyu sprang to the ladder. Down on the ledge he



sure, she still laughed at his gifts, but Tyu knew that she liked him better than the older warriors who wanted to marry her. The trouble was, Tyu had never proved himself in battle. He was still a boy in the eyes of all the tribe.

Tyu found himself almost wishing that the wild Navajos would attack again. He made a "medicine bundle" to hide his long bow, and began keeping it in his own home cave.

One night the Navajos did come! Not in

whipped a long arrow to the string. The Navajos were beyond ordinary bowshot—in a few seconds they would be out of sight, unless—

PONG! The deep twang of the Great Bow—the thin scream of its speeding arrow—were echoed by a scream from above. One enemy stopped! PONG! A second Navajo, mortally hit, leaped into the canyon.

Eight times the Secret Weapon of Tyu spoke! No need of more! For now Laughing Maiden stood alone, still scarcely understanding that her captors were all dead or fled.

But when Tyu of the Long Bow came bounding up to her side, HE understood the look that was in her eyes—the look that a girl gives to her chosen warrior!



# YOUNG HAWK



AFTER RESCUING THE YOUNG PUEBLO HUNTER TUARI AND HIS SQUAB FROM RAINBOW JACKIES, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK LEAVE THE CONVERSATION (BY SIGN-TALK) TO THEIR WISE COMPANION, HIGH CLOUD...



TIME TO FORK, LITTLE BUCK THINKS NEXT  
OF HIS STOMACH!





MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK! THE BOAT SLIDES UP, OUT OF REACH OF MIND AND CURRENT...



IN A FEW MINUTES, FRESH DEER MEAT IS ROASTING OVER A SMOKELESS, SAGEBRUSH FIRE...



YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR SHARE, TOO, TUMBLEWEED! BUT STAY CLOSE TO CAMP, TO WARN US IF ENEMIES COME.

YIP!



WE CAME DOWN THIS GREAT RIVER TO THE BIG SALT WATER---THEN UP THE RIVER THAT FLOWS FROM THE SETTING SUN...

AFTER SUPPER HIGH CLOUD TELLS BY SIGNS AND A MAP OF THE LONG JOURNEY...



OUR PEOPLE LIVE HERE---MANY SLEEPS TO THE NORTH! FROM NOW ON WE TRAVEL THAT WAY.

OUR RIVER FLOWS NORTH--



---BUT STOP WITH US FOR A TIME, MY FRIENDS! OUR VILLAGE IS SAFE AND FOOD IS PLENTY! OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME!



IN THE MORNING THE WIND IS LESS, AND THE LOG BOAT REACHES THE VILLAGE EARLY ...



CURIOUS NEIGHBORS HURRY TO THE SHORE.

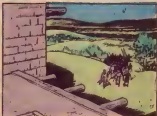




THAT NIGHT, AN EARLY MOON RISES ABOVE  
THE SLEEPING PUEBLO



AFTER A HAPPY DAY, GETTING ACQUAINTED  
WITH THE PEACEFUL, FRIENDLY PEOPLE OF THE  
VILLAGE, YOUNG HUNT AND HIS COMPANIONS  
SLEEP SOUNDLY...



BUT JUST AFTER THE MOON HAS SET, A NOISE  
ADVANCED TO THE PUEBLO'S WALL. OH, SOUNDLESS,  
MOCCASIN FEET...



A LONG, STRONG LADDER LEANS AGAINST THE VILLAGE WALL... AND AROUND ITS BASE GATHER THE CLIMBERS... BORN APACHES, PAINTED FOR WAR...



EEEE-MMMM!  
EEEEEE-UUH!

YOU WANT OUT? WELL,  
SO ON, TUMBLEWEED! YOU  
CAN CLIMB A LADDER.

JUST THEN, IN THE HOUSE WHERE YOUNG PAW AND HIS FRIENDS ARE SLEEPING, TUMBLEWEED HAS AN IMPULSE...



WAM- WAM-  
WAM- WAM...

EXPERTLY, A RUNE AT A TIME, THE LITTLE DOG SCOOTs UPWARD...



WOOF  
WOOF

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ROOF OF THE TOWER, THE PUP SEES DARK FIGURES MOVING IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN...



TO SILENCE THE LITTLE DOG, ONE APACHE LOOSES A NASTY ARROW...



YI-YIKE!

...WHICH NICKS TUMBLEWEED'S EAR...









BRUISED AND NICKED, BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT, YOUNG HAWK IS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT...



AND WITH HIM IS HIGH CLOUD---A WHENTY WAR STILL, DESPITE HIS AGE...



SWIFTLY, THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS! WITH THEIR BRAVEST MEN SLAIN IN THE ATTACK, THE ANACHE FORCES RETREAT...







## Action! Thrills! Excitement!

HI YO SILVER, AWAY! YOUR FAVORITE  
WESTERN HERO RIDES THE RANGE  
WITH TONTO—HIS INDIAN FRIEND

# The Lone Ranger



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**Rush!** Fill in order form and mail it today!



The Alaska brown bear is probably the largest meat-eating animal in the world. They are not very vicious but they can hold their own

against any other living animal if attacked, using their forelegs to batter and smash.  
*Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History* M. T.